He is within with twoo reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy *Lord* againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile him what you say my *Lord*. *Exit.*
Buc. Aha my *Lord*, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on him selfe the soueraignty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What sayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My *Lord* he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit. Cat.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.
Maior. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graes pleasure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame Seate, the Throne maiesticall,
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily solicite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty therof,
Not as Protector, Swteard, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as succesliuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Cittizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,